PITH AND POINT.

—Book-worms are of use to fish in the forgotten streams of knowledge.—*St. Paul Herald.*

—"A Superior Woman" is the title of a new novel. Every sensible husband w ll present his wife a copy and say: "This is your autobiography, my dear."

—It is said that late hours tell on a man. Th s is especially true if the clock strikes three when he is attempting to get into the house without his better half discovering it. — *Boston Post.*

—It is claimed that the highest faculty of language is to conceal thought. It may be, but when a man falls over a wheelbarrow in the dark it seems to loose its grip somewhat in that particular.—*Toledo Blade.*

—A Texan who has lived for years among the cowboys says that many of them are graduates of Eastern colleges. And some persons think a college education is of no great benefit to a young man.—*Chicago Times.*

—Teacher to little girl pupil: "Where are you going, Nellie?" Papa is going to take us to Florida again." "Can you tell what the capital of Florida is?" "Yes'm. It' the money they get from boarders."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—No, Themistocles, no; there isn't much n a name after all. That which you fondly and proudly call an "article" is just as liable to go into the waste-basket as that which the managing editor call "stuff" is dead certain to go into the paper.—*Burdette.*

—A Kentucky girl was struck by lightning while dressing for her wedding. She recovered in time for the ceremony, and less than six months afterward her happy husband thought that a similar experience had befallen him when he came softly in at the front door about three o'clock one morning. —*Somerville Journal.*

—Mrs. Sapphira Coon, of Smilerville, Ky., obtained a patent on an attachment whereby a woman may hold twelve extra clothes-pins in her mouth, and at the same time keep an animated conversation with the woman in the next yard, thereby saving hours of valuable time.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Mother: "Always say 'please,' Bobby, when you ask for anything. Never forget to say 'please,' even to the servants." Father (getting ready to go down town).—"Yes, Robert, my son, bear in mind what your mother has told you, and always say 'please.' It's a little word, my boy, but full of meaning, and the use of it marks the gentleman. Now, wife, my overcoat and hat, and be quick about it."—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Erudite grocer (balancing a can of peaches in his hand): "My dear madame, did you know that we really knew nothing about canning fruit and vegetables until the ruins of Pompeii were uncovered, and splendid specimens were recovered, canned over twenty centuries ago?" Snappish lady customer: "No, I didn't know it. But I did know your canned goods were very old. How long before you will have your stock from Pompeii worked off?"—*Chicago Tribune*

PLACING AN ADVERTISEMENT.

An Editorial Oasis That Turned Out to be Sand.

STRANGER (*to Country Editor*).—I dropped in this morning to see you in regard to placing an advertisement in—

COUNTRY EDITOR (*rubbing his hands*).—Yes, sir; be seated, sir.

STRANGER.—I like your paper. I like its principles, and the bold stand it takes on the subject of Prohibition, and—

COUNTRY EDITOR.—You will find our rates for advertising as low as—

STRANGER.—I like its independence, its attitude respecting the sacredness of the Sabbath, its fight for the poor and lowly, and its fearless denunciation of the rich and mighty, its—

COUNTRY EDITOR.—Yes, sir. An ad. placed in our paper will be read by thous—

STRANGER.—In excluding from your columns, sir, everything of a sensational nature, or that can not be read by every member of the household without bringing the mantling blush of shame, you set an example, sir, to the newspapers of this country that can not but bear fruit, and—

COUNTRY EDITOR.—Well, about that advertisement you were—

STRANGER.—The mission of your journal, sir, is a noble one. "Upward and Onward" is a glorious sentiment. In putting aside all sordid thoughts of gain, and battling for truth and justice alone, you elevate your paper, sir, to the highest realms of journalism, and—

COUNTRY EDITOR.—About how much space will your advertisement occupy?

STRANGER.—Well, I am not quite prepared to say this morning. I happened to be passing through your beautiful little village, and I thought I would step in and get your rates. If you will kindly state in your next issue that Mr. Obadiah R. Tomlinson, a prominent citizen of Posey County, spent a few hours in town last week and made us a pleasant call, and send me a marked copy of the paper, I will be much obliged to you, sir. Good morning.—*Puck.*

IT'S AWFULLY SWELL.

Society Ladies Now Carry Their Parasols as the Princess Carried Hers in Ireland.

"The society women of New York are very quick to catch the fashion, especially if it be English," said a well-known English actor, as he stood in front of the Windsor Hotel yesterday, while watching the stream of carriages that rolled toward the park. Nearly every victoria that passed was occupied by one or two ladies, and in every instance they held their parasols in both hands straight up and down in front of their faces and within an inch of the tips of their noses. Their hands and arms were precisely in the position in which a soldier places his when he presents arms. It impresses the observer at first with the idea that the woman is afraid that the parasol will blow out of her hands if she does not hold it firmly. "Do you see how common the fashion is?" continued the actor. "Well, that is all the result of the Prince of Wales' trip through Ireland. American ladies formerly carried their parasols gracefully and easily while driving, but when illustrated London papers came over here with pictures of the Princess of Wales and her escort driving about the Irish cities, and holding their parasols like flagstaffs, an instantaneous change swept over New York, and within a month all the women were carrying their parasols as the Princess of Wales carried hers. And it's awfully swell, too, don't you think?"—*N. Y. Sun.*

CLEVELANDIANA.

Sentences and Aphorisms Selected from Miss Cleveland's New Book.

We are liable to have notions until we get knowledge.

Let us study career as means only to the end—character.

No secret of hydraulics could cause a dew drop to hang upon a rose-leaf in a cube.

I never knew a good man or a good woman who was not practically an optimist.

An acorn in the mind is worth more than an oak forest at the end of the tongue.

The noble soul would choose rather not to be than not to be somebody in particular.

Manners are made in the market, where they are sold, and their buying and selling are mostly unconscious.

No gift can pass between human creatures so divine as the gift of recognition, for it touches upon the creative.

To be dramatic, and at the same time accurrate, is a rare combination. If the one is gift the other is grace.

One who has faith in the concrete is sure to have it in the abstract; and the effect is that of optimism in the world.

We can do no braver or better thing than to bring our best thoughts to the every-day market. They will yield us usurious interest.

Our lives are not laid out in vast, vague prairie, but in definite domestic door-yards, within which we are to exercise and develop our faculties.

Herein is the significance of the saying that history repeats itself: It does repeat itself, because it repeats its factors—the men and women who compose it.

The dullest mortal spirit must at times grope restlessly and expectantly in the outer darkness for something beyond, and this something must exist, will exist, in a true poem.

The mother makes the man, perhaps; but the wife manufactures him. Sometimes the wife in her manufacture confirms the making of the mother, sometimes counteracts it.

The humanity of each of us is like some Æolian harp constructed by the Master Musician and laid down tenderly by Him upon the seashore where winds from every quarter play continuously.

Each of us can so believe in humanity in general as to contribute to that pressure which constantly levers up the race; can surround ourselves with an atmosphere optimistic rather than the contrary.

Whether men admit it or not, faith in ourselves and faith in our brother and sister humanity follow from our faith in God, and if that faith be allowed its full growth will each win its rightful rank.

Reciprocity, constant and equal, among all His creatures is the plan of the only maker of plans, whose plans never fail in the least jot or tittle. He has reserved to himself the power to give without receiving.

Human history is but one ceaseless flow of cause into effect and of effect into cause. There is nothing but which is consequent. You and I are but the consequents of a vast tangle of antecedents in all time before.

True, self-knowledge is never to be come at by burrowing in the narrow limit of our own individual thoughts, feelings and experience. We must, in order to truly see ourselves, stand before the great mirror, humanity, and, in its all-reflecting focus, behold our own proper individuality.

What's in a name? A rose by any other name might smell as sweet; but a lily, if rechristened rose, would never diffuse the rose's odor, nor gain, in addition to its own spotless perfections, the deep-hearted sorcery of that enchanting, crumpled wonder, which we thrill in touching, as if it, too, had nerves, and blood, and a human heart—a rose.

In this scientific age—this age of iconoclasm—it is greatly good for us to confront things rich, rare, out-of-the-common things above our power to comprehend, beyond our power to destroy. It is well for us who are so blind to the rose-color in our lives to be forced to acknowledge our existence in the imperishable canvas of history; well for us, so intensely practical as we are, to be compelled there, at least, to confront the romantic and the heroic.

CLOVER.

Its Value as a Means For Preserving Fertility.

We do not yet fully realize the value of clover as a means of preserving the fertility of the soil. From Dr. Lawes' experiments it has been found that the soil after a crop of clover had been removed from it contained a largely increased quantity of nitrogen, amounting to as much as would be required to supply several large crops of wheat; and as nitrogen is especially needed for the growth of wheat, this increase of it is of exceedingly great service to the farmer. And as a similar effect has been noticed to follow a crop of peas and beans, it becomes of the greatest advantage to farmers to bring these crops into their rotation as a means of improving the soil. A striking instance of the value of clover has been given by a well-known farmer in the State of New York, who for forty years past has been able to produce large crops of wheat every third year upon a portion of his farm too far distant from the barn-yard to draw manure to it with profit by the aid of clover alone. The clover was grown for two years, once for hay and once pastured and then plowed under, being fertilized only by a dressing of plaster in its first year. This part of the farm was the most profitable part of it, and showed in a most conspicuous and practical manner the great benefit which could be derived from growing clover as a means of maintaining the fertility of the soil.—*N. Y. Times.*

Toy Cannon.

A large boy in Chicago owned a toy-cannon. His father disapproved of the toy, and, on leaving home to be gone over the Fourth of July, locked up the cannon, so his son could not get it on Independence Day. The boy broke in the door, secured the cannon, and was firing it in fine fashion when by the usual accident it put out one of his eyes, burned the other seriously, and marked his whole face for life. The father, on returning home, vowed that he would have been less unhappy had the son been killed, and the boy, convalescing in that somewhat austere atmosphere, has an opportunity to contemplate the penalties which Nature assesses. There is so much of this sort of horror each year that the Legislatures should no longer stand idly by.—*Current.*

—During a game between the Beacons and the Melrose Club, the other day, the cry of a baby was heard in the midst of a lull. The umpire raised a laugh by singing out: "One bawl!"—*Lowell Courier.*

HOME AND FARM.

—The horse stable should be for the horses alone, and not for the cattle, hogs and sheep.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—It is said that cows will become fond of beanstalks and eat them in preference to good hay.

—The best stock water is that of living springs, the next, that of running streams. Fully equal to these, save in the exception of hardness, is the water of wells, free from surface drainage. The worst water is that of slack streams, and especially stagnant ponds. —*Chicago Times.*

—Where the cream from the milk of several cows is churned together, the cream-pot should have its contents stirred every time a fresh batch of cream is poured in. This will cause the cream to ripen evenly and more and better butter will be obtained.—*Albany Journal.*

—Mouse holes in walls and closets should be filled with lime, afterward plastered over with plaster of Paris, mixed with water. It is a good plan to keep a paper of the latter in every house, as it is useful in filling cracks, and, in fact, comes in in many other ways into household economy.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Flannel which has become yellow by age may be restored to whiteness by the use of a solution of twenty-four ounces of Marseilles soap in fifty pounds of soft water, to which is added two-thirds of an ounce of spirit of aqua ammonia, and the whole thoroughly mixed. Immerse the flannel, stir around well, then rinse in pure water. —*Chicago Current.*

—If a farmer wants to apply a lasting manure let him use coarsely crushed bones. It will not, however, be nearly so effective on the first crop, and as the finer division by dissolving in oil of vitrol helps the land for two or three years, it will be generally preferred. The nimble sixpence is as much better than the slow shilling in manures as in anything.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Soft molasses gingerbread: One and one-half cups of molasses, one cup of beef shortening or butter, or half of each, two cups of sour milk, one-half cup of brown sugar and two teaspoons of saleratus. Have ready in pan two or three cups of flour, with sugar, a little ginger and cinnamon, and when you have boiled up the molasses, butter and shortening pour it upon the ingredients in the pan and stir well. Then add the sour milk and salaratus and flour enough to make it as thick as a cup cake. Beat thoroughly.—*The Household.*

—A horseman says there is a vast deal too much oiling of harness. That is an operation which ought seldom to be done. When any harness has been used and comes in sweaty, it should be rubbed off with a soft, moist sponge, well filled with castile soap. White castile is preferable. The deposit of sweat and dust upon the parts where that accumulates, should first be moistened with water and removed with a bone, horn or wooden blade.—*Troy Times.*

INTEGRITY OF WOMEN.

A Business Man Pronounces Them More Honest, Correct, and Attentive Than Men—Female Embezzlers Said to Be Unknown Characters.

"Do women embezzle?"

This question was recently put to one of the heaviest dry-goods merchants of Buffalo, who always employs women as cashiers.

"Do women embezzle? No they don't. I never knew a woman who handled other people's money to steal a cent. I have employed women as cashiers for years. They are quicker at making change than men; they detect counterfeit money quicker; they keep their accounts clearer, and don't wish to run the whole store as men do. Never have I known of a single case of embezzlement by women, never have I heard of one. I can not say the same of men. I have employed four young men at different times as cashiers. One left me, one was not quick enough, and the third robbed me."

This is the testimony of but one business man of the many whose evidence could be given proving the honesty of women when handling the money of other people. The statement of others, who have informed themselves on the subject, is that women seldom fail to pay their debts, and even when they might avail themselves of the bankrupt act, they prefer to hold themselves legally liable for the debt.

While the newspapers are full of wicked embezzlements of bank presidents running away with fortunes, wrecking homes, impoverishing families, destroying reputations, disgracing their friends and ruining themselves; while trusted men are robbing public institutions, gambling and stealing, caring not whom they rob, wrong or ruin, women are seldom guilty of such dishonesty or crimes.

The general belief is that women are honest. Yet in the face of these facts and the almost universal belief in their honesty, women are not trusted in a business way by men. Men refuse to lend them money to start in business, to invest in real estate, or to help them save their property upon which they have paid a certain amount, and which can only be secured by prompt payment of the remainder. Women often find it hard to secure even a small loan on good security. Men as a rule prefer to say they have not the means at hand. Some will prevaricate, giving almost any reason for refusing to lend rather than the correct one, while a few are manly enough to state the truth, saying: "We do not do business with women." But very few treat them as they do men and give them a chance to make an honest living.

Why is this? It is not that men consider them dishonest. It is because they have no confidence in the business capacity of women or in their judgment as to investing or taking care of money. Some men cling to the old idea that it is not becoming in a woman to engage in business outside of home, however needy she may be. Hundreds of wealthy men will give, and give liberally, to establish "homes for women" who have failed to secure homes for themselves. Yet if a few hundred would have enabled them to provide for themselves these good men would not have loaned them the small annuity because they believed they did not understand business. The greatest kindness and modest act is to help the needy to help themselves. If women do not understand business, how are they to overcome this deficiency if prevented by such circumstances from acquiring the proper knowledge? With honest principles and proper opportunities, supplied with some means and trusted by the public, they can not fail to become as trusted in business and as proficient bread-winners as their brothers. Give them an opportunity to become self-supporting rather than genteel paupers. Save them this terrible humiliation added to their other trials.—*Pittsburgh Commercial-Gazette.*

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

THE FLOWERS' REPLIES.

"Hey willow-waly! I wish I were a daisy,
A merry, laughing daisy," a little maiden sighed.
"Then hey willow-waly! when life is bright or hazy,
Keep a cheerful spirit," the daisy gay replied.

"Hey willow-waly! a buttercup I'd like to be,
A bright, golden buttercup," the little maiden sighed.
"Then hey willow-waly! little maiden, draw to thee
Life's golden sunshine," the buttercup replied.

"Hey willow-waly! that I could be a clover,
A sweet, crimson clover," the little maiden sighed.
"Then hey willow waly! ere thy youth is over,
Treasure all its honey," the clover sweet replied.

"Hey willow-waly! if only I could be a rose,
A dainty, pretty, wild rose," the little maiden sighed.
"Then hey willow-waly! every little maiden knows
How to be a rosebud," the dainty rose replied.

—*Grace F. Pennypacker, in St. Nicholas.*

WAS SHE A COWARD?

How Jennie Proved Her Bravery in the Face of Real Danger.

Jennie Carter was a very bright, good-humored little girl, about twelve years old. Being the only girl in the family, she was naturally a great pet. Indeed, her brothers had but one fault to find with her; but they managed to give her a great many uncomfortable moments on account of that one fault. The fact was, she was afraid of the dark, and this her two elder brothers could not understand.

Little George never had anything to say on the subject, but, as he was only two years old, he could hardly be expected to have an opinion about the matter. Rob and Max, however, the older boys, seldom lost an opportunity of teasing Jennie about being a coward, and of submitting her to very unpleasant ordeals, in order to teach her not to be afraid. As, for instance, once she and Rob were in a dark room, when he suddenly ran out, holding the door shut on the outside, so that she could not follow; and another time he and Max coaxed her down a dark, narrow passage to a little room at the end, where they left her, and ran away.

Poor Jennie, in running after them, fell and sprained her ankle, which was not what they had expected. All this, however, only served to make her more timid, if possible, and did no good.

Jennie had a hard time with the teasing of her two brothers, which she sometimes received with temper and sometimes with tears.

"It's as bad to be a cry-baby as a coward," said Max, one day, after teasing her until she cried.

This roused Jennie's temper.

"I'm not a cry-baby," she said, indignation drying her tears; "and I am no more of a coward than you, Master Max. I let Doctor Smith pull my tooth without a word, and you would not even let him look at your mouth, and came home and cried all night with the toothache."

Max looked rather sheepish at this, and had nothing to say. He was very glad at that moment to hear his mother call him. She had been sitting at the window, and overheard the children.

"I wish you would not tease your sister so constantly, Max," she said, as he came in the room. "It does no good."

"She is such a cowardly baby," he said, by way of an excuse.

"She is not a baby. You boys torment her so she can not help crying, and I am not at all sure she is such a coward as you imagine. Many people who are afraid of imaginary things are brave enough in the face of real danger," was his mother's reply.

Max was not to be convinced, but refrained from teasing Jennie any more that day because his mother expressly forbade it.

Mrs. Carter felt very sorry to have her little daughter afraid of the dark, because she knew it was foolish, but she did not see any way to help it, and hoped in time Jennie would outgrow it. She felt quite sure the boys could do no good with their teasing, and put a stop to it whenever she heard them.

One day the children were all invited, with their mother and father, to take tea with their grandmother.

Of course they were in a great hurry to set off, and their mother allowed them to go some time before she did. Jennie had charge of Georgie, and her mother gave her many charges about him.

"I am so afraid something will happen to him. I think he had better wait and go with me," she said, anxiously.

But at this time Master Georgie's lip began to pout, and there were signs of coming tears—an event always averted, if possible, in the Carter family, for Georgie's "crying fits" were apt to be stubborn things.

"Don't worry, mother dear, I will take good care of him," said Jennie.

And when she made a promise, her mother knew it would be kept, and let them go.

They walked along the street very happily, the two boys in front, and Jennie a few steps behind, with Georgie.

Suddenly they heard a great noise, and people calling. Looking back they saw a horse with a wagon attached to him coming furiously toward them on the sidewalk.

"Run, run!" shouted Rob, as he and Max started for the steps of a house near by.

Jennie could not run with her little brother, and she never thought of leaving him. In fact, she never thought of herself at all. She had promised to take care of little Georgie, and she would do her best.

Stepping quickly behind him, so that she should put herself between him and the danger, she threw her arms closely about him; as if, poor child! her little frail body could save him from the fate that was coming.

She shut her eyes. There was a rattling crash. She was conscious of a sharp pain somewhere about her, and then knew no more.

When she came to herself she was lying in bed, with her head bandaged and a queer, stiff feeling in one arm.

Just then her mother came to her bedside.

"My dear, brave little girl!" she said, as she kissed her.

"Was Georgie hurt?" Jennie asked, faintly.

"No, my darling. You have saved his life by your courage and presence of mind."

Jennie smiled, and there being nothing better to do fell asleep.

Jennie was a long time recovering from the injuries she had received. The horse had, just as he reached the children, suddenly taken to the street. In turning, the wagon had dashed violently against a tree and been broken. Some portion of it had struck Jennie, bruising her head and breaking one arm.

Little Georgie was unharmed. The courage of his little sister had saved him. Rob and Max were very kind and attentive to her during her illness. They never called her a coward after that. Their father had a very serious talk with them the day Jennie was hurt, in which he showed them how truly brave their sister was.

They had nothing to say, for from the danger she had faced so bravely they had run away.—*A. M. Talcott, in Golden Days.*

THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

A Father's Last Words—"You've Always Been a Good Boy to Me."

"I have a little story to tell you, boys," the old doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One day—a long, hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road to town.

"'I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim,' he said, hesitating.

"Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hay-field, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper and wash and dress for singing school.

"My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly, for I was vexed that he should ask this of me after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me; one of God's good angels, I think.

"'Of course, father, I'll take it,' I said, heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package.

"'Thank you, Jim,' he said, 'I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day.'

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town, and, as he left, put his hand on my arm, saying again: 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

"I hurried into town and back again.

"When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face.

"'Your father,' he said, 'fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you.'

"I'm an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since that hour that those last words were: 'You've always been a good boy to me.'"

No human being ever yet was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is no pang of remorse so keen as the bitterness with which we remember neglect or coldness which we have shown to loved ones who are dead.

Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you about the same hearth. In many families a habit of nagging, crossness, or ill-natured gibing, gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath.

And after all it is such a little way that we can go together. — *Baptist Weekly.*

CHARACTER.

How Good and Bad Qualities Grow and Are Developed—The Right Time to Build for the Future.

You know, dears, there are shops in our large cities where one can go and buy a suit of clothing all ready to be put right on and worn; but have any of you ever heard of a shop where "ready-made" characters were for sale? No, indeed! Character is something that *grows* and develops in every boy and girl little by little every day, grows with their growth and strengthens with their strength, until, at last, like a cloak, or coat, it envelopes them. Look at papa. He is an honest, upright man, prompt, conscientious and reliable in business, and at home tender, affectionate and considerate. Now, do you suppose he waited until he became a man to develop these qualities? And did mamma gain her winsomeness and gentle manners, her patience and forbearance, after she had grown to womanhood? No, my dears, these admirable traits were cultivated in youth and encouraged until they became fixed and permanent qualities. Show me a boy who likes to lie abed in the morning, who is always behind at breakfast, late at school, neglectful of his lessons and duties, and always making excuses for his tardiness, and I will show you a man who is lazy and unreliable, and who will never prosper—one whom no one will honor or respect. And the girl who is idle, careless of her appearance, snappish and snarlish, and inclined to procrastinate and put off, will become a slothful, untidy, cross, dilatory woman whom none will admire, but whom every one will shun. But the boy or girl who is prompt, industrious, persevering, honest and amiable, who works, plays and studies with a will, will make a reliable, prosperous, noble, generous gentleman, or a bright, clever, winsome gentlewoman.

Now is the time then, dears, to build for your future, and grandma hopes if any of you have formed habits that can not fail to bring unhappiness when you are older, you will get rid of them at once before they become too deeply rooted. Somebody has taken the word habit and worked it out in this clever way, which shows how a bad habit sticks, and how hard it is to get rid of. "Habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it is 'a bit.' If you take off another, you still have a 'bit' left. If you take off another, the whole of 'it' remains. You take off another, it is not 't' totally used up." So be sure and form *good* habits.—*"Grandma," in Christian at Work.*

Dakota Girl Farmers.

New stories constantly appear of girl farmers who are making fortunes in Dakota. These stories are not lies, but when they get into print there is a halo of romance about them which does not exist in Dakota. These girl farmers are not from among Colonel P. Donan's late importations of Boston blue stockings, but were of the pioneers who went into the Territory six or eight years ago, and they are ladies who offer no inducement to the fortune-hunter. The girl who has developed in Dakota is a creature by herself; there is something in the climate which gives her a special development, mentally and physically, and she rates a sweetheart as she would a horse. When a young man has followed her on a reaper half a day around a hundred-acre wheat-field he doesn't quote any Tennyson at lunch, and after he has helped her to break in a yoke of steers he'd rather have arnica than caresses. That is the reason we hear so much of girl farmers in Dakota who remain single—they are so practical and so severe.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—The oldest man in Leonardville, Neb., is the tallest, the heaviest and the richest.—*Chicago Herald.*

Helpless Upon a Friendless Sea!

Who, in taking passage in a great trans-Atlantic steamer, does not feel a thrill of exultation over her magnificent power. Against her the Storm King may hurl his elemental forces, nor pierce her armor, nor stop her onward course.

But let me describe a scene when, one morning in mid-ocean, there came an alarm from the pilot house followed by a cry: "The ship's rudder is lost!" From the confident expression, consternation came to every face. The wheelman being helpless to direct her course, the vessel was at the mercy of wind and wave.

The captain had been negligent—the hangings of the rudder were allowed to wear weak, and suddenly it had dropped deep into the sea!

Strong in intellect, in physical vigor, in energy and in ambition, man confronts, undaunted, gigantic tasks and commands applause for his magnificent achievements. But, all unexpectedly, an alarm comes—the rudder of his constitution is gone. He has been careless of its preservation; mental strain, nervous excitement, irregular habits, over-work, have destroyed the action of his kidneys and liver. This would not occur were Warner's safe cure used to maintain vigor. And even now it may restore vitality to those organs and give back to the man that which will lead him to the haven of his ambition.—*The Traveler.*

THE Hartford *Journal* says there is poetry in vegetables. This is tough news for vegetarians.—*Buffalo Express.*

ABOVE all other earthly ills,
I hate the big, old fashioned pills;
By slow degrees they downward wend,
And often pause, or upward tend;
With such discomfort are they fraught,
Their good effects amount to naught.
Now, Dr. Pierce prepares a pill
That just exactly fills the bill—
A Pellet, rather, that is all—
A Pleasant Purgative, and *small;*
Just try them as you feel their need,
You'll find that I speak truth, indeed.

"THIS is my golden wedding," remarked an impecunious man when he married a woman worth $100,000.

THE ELECTRIC AUROPHONE.

An Aid and Permanent Benefit to the Hearing.

The mild electrical treatment of the aurophone has cured many of deafness whom nothing else could benefit. Send name and address, with stamp, to Electric Aurophone Company, No. 420 N. Third st., St. Louis, Mo., for circular and explanation.

WHEN two girls meet they kiss. When two men meet they don't. This shows plainly who want kissing the most.—*Chicago Times.*

The Morning Dress.

It is said that a lady's standing in society can easily be determined by her dress at the breakfast-table; an expensive, showy costume indicating that the wearer has not yet learned the proprieties. But no one need be afraid of being called "shoddy" if her loveliness is as apparent by daylight as at the hops. Perfect beauty is never the attendant of disease; above all, of those diseases peculiar to women, and which find a ready cure in Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

"TIME works wonders," said a young man of twenty-seven when he returned home and found his elder sister only eighteen.—*Chicago Tribune.*

IT is not hard for a man to mind his own business, but it is the monotony which he can't stand.

THE "old reliable"—Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

—A St. Louis gentleman has invented a device which will, in a double sense, gladden the ears of the deaf in the land. It consists of a contrivance which can be located in the handle of a cane, umbrella or fan, and which, when placed in the ear of a deaf person, will cause him or her to hear any sound that is audible to the ear of a person who is not afflicted with deafness. The device which produces the effects is a tube about six inches long, placed in the hollow of a cane or fan. In the tube is a cone-shaped electrical coil, beginning at a small battery at the lower end of the tube and terminating at the upper end. The vibration of the coil causes a multiplication of any sound or noise passing into the tube through a small opening in the side of the cane or fan. It is simply a multiplication of sound by electricity and the projection of a steady current of electricity against the weakened or paralyzed tissues of the ear. The invention is the result of a man who has been himself almost completely deaf for several years.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, August 10, 1885.

CATTLE—Native Steers	$ 5 00 @	6 44
COTTON—Middling	10⅜ @	10⅜
FLOUR—Good to Choice	4 05 @	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	101 @	1 01½
CORN—No. 2	54¾ @	55¾
OATS—No. 2	37 @	45
PORK—New Mess	11 00 @	11 25
ST. LOUIS.		
COTTON—Middling	.... @	10
BEEVES—Good to Heavy	5 25 @	5 70
Fair to Medium	5 00 @	5 25
HOGS—Common to Select	3 65 @	4 90
SHEEP—Fair to Choice	2 75 @	4 00
FLOUR—XXX to Choice	3 75 @	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red Winter	99 @	99¼
No. 3	88½ @	88¾
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	42½ @	43¼
OATS—No. 2	24⅝ @	25
RYE—No. 2	54 @	55
TOBACCO—Lugs	3 00 @	8 50
Leaf, Medium	6 25 @	8 00
HAY—Choice Timothy	.... @	12 50
BUTTER—Choice Dairy	15 @	16
EGGS—Fresh	6½ @	7½
PORK—New Mess	10 00 @	10 25
BACON—Clear Rib	6⅛ @	6⅜
LARD—Prime Steam	6⅛ @	6¼
CHICAGO.		
CATTLE—Exports	4 35 @	5 90
HOGS—Good to Choice	4 15 @	4 85
SHEEP—Good to Choice	2 00 @	3 75
FLOUR—Winter	3 50 @	5 00
Patents	4 75 @	5 50
WHEAT—No. 2 Spring	.... @	87¾
No. 2 Red	92 @	93¾
CORN—No. 2	.... @	47
OATS—No. 2	26½ @	27
PORK—New Mess	9 37½ @	9 50
KANSAS CITY.		
CATTLE—Native Steers	4 35 @	5 25
HOGS—Sales at	3 85 @	4 40
WHEAT—No. 2	80½ @	80¾
CORN—No. 2	36 @	36¼
OATS—No. 2	21 @	21¼
NEW ORLEANS.		
FLOUR—High Grades	4 40 @	5 50
CORN—White	56 @	57
OATS—Choice Western	.... @	37
HAY—Choice	18 00 @	19 00
PORK—Mess	.... @	10 50
BACON—Clear Rib	.... @	6⅞
COTTON—Middling	9⅝ @	9¾
LOUISVILLE.		
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	.... @	95
CORN—No. 2 Mixed	.... @	46½
OATS—No. 2 Mixed	27 @	28
PORK—Mess	.... @	11 00
BACON—Clear Rib	6¼ @	6¾
COTTON—Middling	.... @	10⅝